The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

Victoria University Library
TORONTO

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▼ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

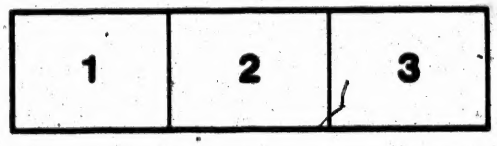
Victoria University Library
TORONTO

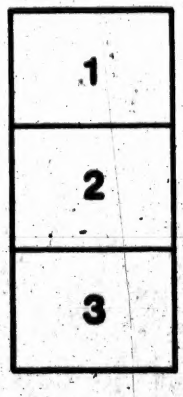
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

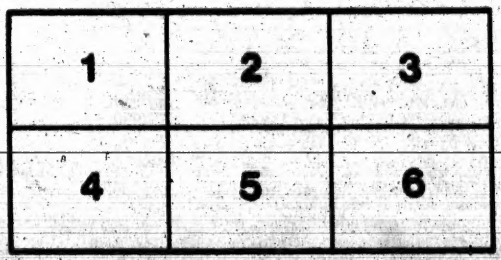
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▼ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.







32x

THE LIBRARY

of

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY

Toronto

THE PILLAR OF WITNESS.

BY

George Arthur Hammond,

AUTHOR OF

THE INDIAN GIRL. MONCACHTAPE. THE TEPPIQUER.
THE HARP. THE LAKE OF TEARS. ON THE STRAND.
QUEEN VICTORIA'S OLIVE TREE, AND OTHER POEMS.
THE STORK FLYING EASTWARD.
THREE VOLUMES IN MINIATURE.
A SERENADE. THE TWO OFFERINGS.
THE RECLUSE! A CANZONET.
THE PHANTOM BOAT: AN ICON. FOSTER MOTHER'S STORY.
JASSOKET AND ANEMON: A PHILOSOPHIC RAMBLE.
RAYON: AN IDYLLIC VAGARY.
NEVADA'S PETRIFIED TREE.

LAMBTON PUBLISHING HOUSE.
KINGSCLEAR, CANADA.
1899

PR
4739
H366
P5
CANADIANA

13,343
9/1/1907

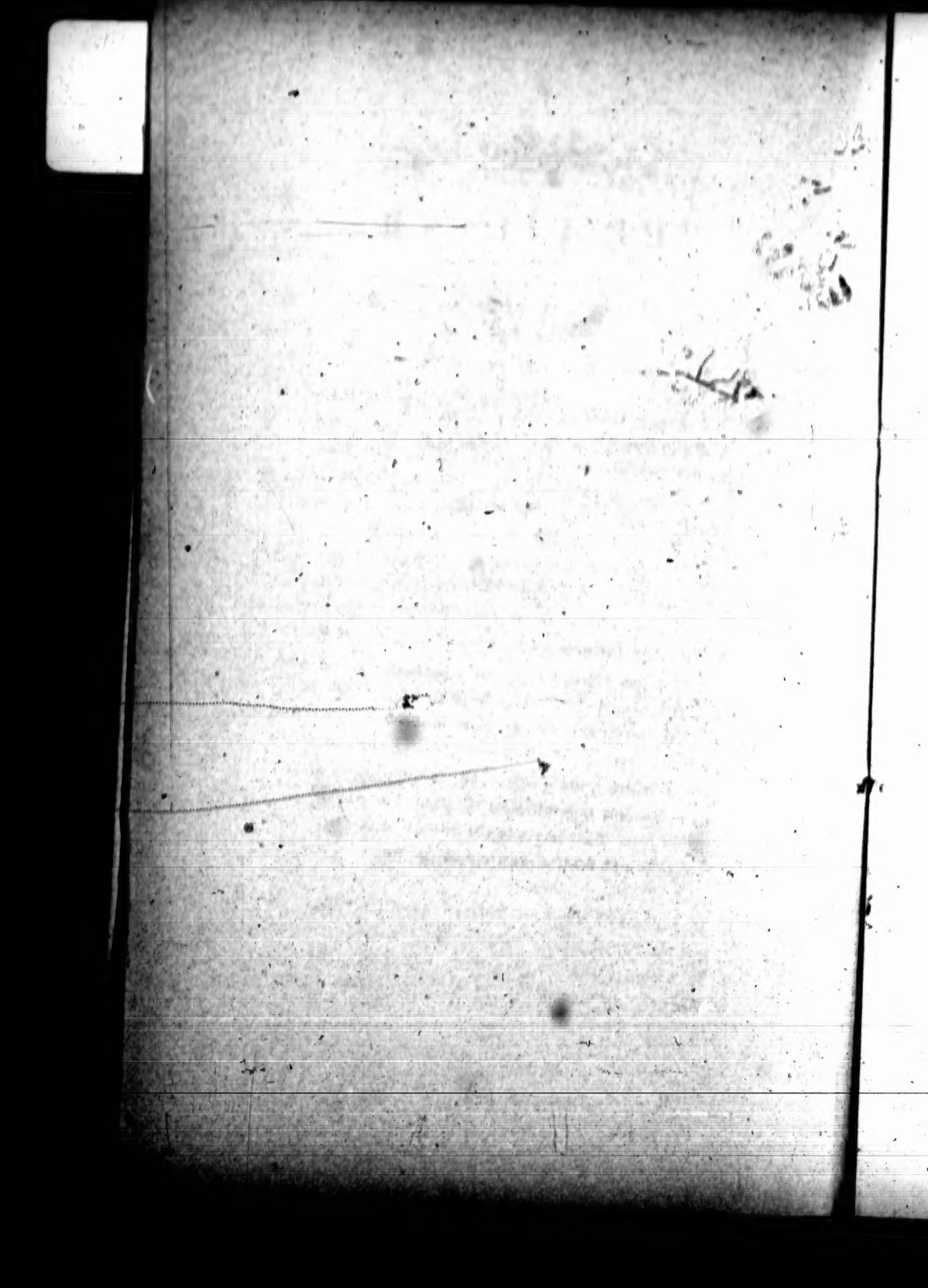
NOTE.

The Great Pyramid of Gizeh, the oldest and largest stone structure ever built, stands on a rocky plateau in view of the old city of Memphis.

It covers 14 acres. Was 486 feet high. Was cased in marble, exquisitely joined and polished. Its erection is constructively and astronomically dated 2170 B C. It is the Altar, Pillar, Sign and Witness of Isaiah xix 19 20. Built in Egypt, it embodies a system of measurements and proportions, which only Infinite skill could devise or construct

Though visited frequently, and measured with some exactness. It was held to be a puzzle only, devoid of current value. A monument contributed by the extravigant efforts of eratic power—a tomb and nothing more. And that, robbed of its kingly Mummy and despoiled of its exquisite shield.

On John Taylor rests the honor of having been the first on whom a glimpse of the glory of its purpose glanced. Professor C. P. Smyth, having been convinced of the soundness of Taylor's views, visted Egypt, and fully established the fact : —That the Great Pyramid is indeed The Pillar and The Witness spoken of by the Prophet Isaiah.



THE PILLAR OF WITNESS.

PART FIRST.

DESPOILED, dishonored—yet replete
With centuries crumbling at thy feet,
Pillar of God, Great Pyramid,
Rich with a lore from cycles hid.

1.

Stupendous monument of toil,
Strange jewel, set in Mitsraim's foil.
There as a challenge, vast and high,
It caught the splendors of the sky.

2.

Witness of memorable years,
How stern thy rugged Pile appears!
Stript by the stupid hands that raid
Glories, though amaranthine made.

3.

Fame winged the work to many a shore,
And curious sages viewed it o'er.
At its emphatic basis stood,
Puzzled and baffled and subdued.

4.

Sublimely copied oft and oft,
What mimic glories rose aloft,
While the great Model in repose,
Smiled as the aspirants arose.

5.

Lofty endeavours tersely strained,
Inferiority attained.
Each stately structure proudly reared,
A vain and trustless tomb appeared.

6.

But this vast Monument unique,
Who of its origin could speak,
Dark and mysterious in its date,
Swept by the desert blasts of fate?

7.

Why was it built? And built by whom?
Legends and varied tales assume.
But once, with prodigal desplays,
It flashed the morning's golden rays.

8.

The matchless skill, the might that reared,
And thus displayed, had disappeared.
Leaving the glorious structure fraught
With dreams supreme and gifts of thought.

9.

Though Manetho, in jostling dates,
His thirty dynasties relates;
Polished and dazzling and profound,
None for this Pyramid is found.

10.

Still in its prime ensphered in awe,
Herodotus this marvel saw.
Deep was the theme and hard to guess,
Merged in primeval loneliness.

11.

Sovereign and silent for all time,
Beyond the grasp of thought sublime,
He knew not——could it then be known?
Twas God's great Witness built in stone.

12.

Later the day, diverse the mood,
When, wrapt in dreams, before thee stood
Scarce to admire or be admired,
That Corsican with conquest fired.

13.

And there his Franks—no less than he,
Trampled—'twas not on liberty.
In Battle of the Pyramids,
The base enslaving Mamlouk bleeds.

14.

Thus, in the sand-locked Sphinxes shade,
Sad Egypt's long descent was made.
Midst wars and squalid woe to wait
Till God's high Servant came in state.

15.

As, on the couch of one who dreams,
A dazzling scroll of wonder streams:
So, mighty Monument of stone,
Thy meaning first on Taylor shone.

16.

He, stranger to the storied Nile,
Afar—unvisited the Pile—
What could he know what did he dream
Of this delapidated theme?

17.

The most astute had given o'er
Task disappointing, to explore
A ruin midst far ages sealed,
With use and purpose all afield.

18.

What dreamed the dreamer far withdrawn,
Taylor—this son of Albion—
Amidst dim ages of illapse,
The son of Abraham perhaps?

19.

He saw, dishonored and abhored,
The Sign and Pillar of The Lord,
Naked unrecognized and hid,
On Mitsraim's border and amid.

20.

Rich was the inspiration shed
Like oil on Taylor's honored head,
Which furnished the efficient key
To ope the rock armed prophecy.

21.

Vyce—the imperial pyoneer—
His smoky flambeaux oft appear
In court and gallery, amidst
Portals long closed, which still resist.

22.

What though a princely sum he spent,
And with this verdict rests content:
Built with vain toil and furnished thus,
Each Pile was a sarcophagus.

23.

Planned, an asylum for the dead.
Of one alone not truly said.
Reared to incorporate a name:
A rifled chest the doom of fame,

24.

Vast labors thus were to precede
The grand approach of days decreed.
While archeology desplays
The opening of obstructed ways.

25.

Yet his incessant labors brought
Strict measurements and themes for thought.
Forming a tablet, whereupon,
A sketch progressive might he drawn.

26.

Bnt who shall track the wondrous light
That beamed on Tnylor in the night?
Must friends like scoffers stand a'oof,
And none—not one—to dare the proof!

27.

Is there an influence, that still,
Insensibly instructs the will?
Is there a special orbit traced,
And movements prearranged and placed?

28.

Doubtless. Else chance would dominate
Essential elements of state.
Would rule in the domain of thought,
And Providence be set at nought.

29.

Thus for each crisis God prepares
His instruments all unawares,
And guards his servants and is served,
By influences unobserved,

30.

Thus, while in trembling balance laid,
While special arguments were weighed,
A nugget—gold—fell in at last,
Amidst the final summings cast.

31.

And now—let Albion be proud,
A patriot signally endowed—
A Briton true—not one in name—
Has pondered and approved the claim.

THE PILLAR OF WITNESS.

PART SECOND.

BUT WILL he brave the venture? Yes!
Probe the dark Pyramid? No less!
And nothing shall his purpose foil.
And no man aids him for the toil.

33.

Soon Smyth, with loyalty inspired,
Midst the sequestered Pile retired,
With heed, laboriously won
Measures refulgent as the sun.

34.

There Prophecy, in times remote,
The legend of the Future wrote.
Charts, providences grand and great,
In numbered walls and walks of state.

35.

In marvellous chambers etched with stone.
Prepared and placed by skill unknown.
Coffer, and multiples that speak
In limes and porphyries unique.

36.

Blind vandals have aspersed the Pile,
Have blurred this glory of the Nile.
As if by hurtling tempests bled,
Those glorious casing stones are fled.

37.

Yet stern it stands, and o'er the strife
Of ages past looks down on life.
Sublime midst ruin ramp and raid,
Cities that rise and states that fade.

38.

Shall signal undertakings claim
By their success reward and fame?
Shall the interpreter acquire
The plea to witness or retire?

39.

Elaborate researches made
Midst difficulties set in shade,
Amidst the wreckage of old days,
Must they forego the meed of praise?

40.

Sometimes—not always. If it be
A guess at brick or pottery;
Something exhumed from city swept,
Where dust and rubbish long have crept.

41.

Then—then the world will dig its ears,
Hear—and applaud the tale it hears.
Especially will this be so,
If God's great Book gets some sly blow.

42.

So witching are the poisoned streams,
Of gray illusions myths and dreams,
But if in line with Heaven's high Word,
Hark—can there be a whisper heard?

43.

Glibly the tongue of error pleads,
Presumptuously—and it succeeds.
Reason stands strangely somnolent,
Then kneels succumbs and sprawls content.

44.

Words amidst flaming Sinai graven,
Are turned to myth beneath this heaven;
Yes! God is even at this hour,
Robbed of the glory of His power. ——

45.

Ceaseless, fatigued and overwrought,
Great was the prize this Briton sought—
Four months by mighty works embarred:
Signal success was his reward.

46.

Strange was the field of observation.
What tableaux fired his contemplation!
Transported, swept from scene to scene,
Deep in the wonders that have been.——

47.

The past revives—behold it rises,
With signal with intense surprises.
Wonders appear reclaimed from night,
And mightier yet will burst in light.

48.

Britons, awake! Your mission see!
Arise and guard this Prophecy.
Profaned by frivolous resort,
Too long the tourists' shameful sport.

49.

Are there not, yet to be revealed,
Emplaced in diorite and sealed,
Records of days beyond that day
Which poured earth's vaulting sin away?

50.

Nation—God's Chosen! it is thine
Still to unveil this work Divine.
Go forth in faith, O sovereign men,
Resume the awful quest again.

51.

Review, with scrutiny severe,
Dim marks or signs which may appear.
Some block to gentle force will yield
Rooms and clerestories concealed.

52.

Yet, Israel, with those treasures won,
Rest not, nor dream thy labors done.
What? God's great Pillar lie in waste?
No! every stone must be replaced!

53.

Open those quarries. Rephaim now,
God's mighty slaves, around thee bow,
Waiting to excavate and mould
Blocks, sections, lustrous as of old.

54.

Water and Air—kneel—beg to toil.
Dread Lightnings fettered, plead in coil:
God's Nazarites with locks [illegible]
Tireless and meek from [illegible]

55.

But lo the summit—Waiting there,
A Patin claims preclusive care.
What shall be done with it? Device.
Shall illustred golden columns rise?

56.

Elaborately over head,
Shall arches interlaced be spread?
Forming a canopy and p ce
To rest the five-formed st ne of grace?

57.

See! festal groups in chariots ride
Up the great Mountain's throbbing side.
It comes——the Corner roused from rest,
Midst shoutings is it crowns the crest!

58.

Then by etherial radiance thrown
On every joining every ston ,
Chamber and passage—each throughout
All swept of dust and cleared of doubt:

59.

The mystery and intent concealed,
Will be by snowy light revealed;
And the illumined Altar shine
In all its marvel of design.

60.

In the choice Chamber of the King,
No rollickers will dance and sing.
The sacred Coffer not again
Will suffer spoil by reckless men.

61.

There, hundreds hundreds day by day,
Will tolls of admiration pay.
Spelling the glory now unrolled,
The wonders built in God's strong hold.

62.

No carping critic will remain,
To air his stilted views in vain.
But doubt will skulk away in shame,
And archaism scant prestige claim.

63.

After the stupor and the night,
O day exultant with delight.
After the rigors of the past,
Faint——faint——the echoes sink at last.

64.

Then shall the dazzling Mount, complete,
The world's enraptured vision greet.
Its pristine majesty restored—
ALTAR AND PILLAR OF THE LORD.

NEVADA'S

PETRIFIED TREE.

NOTE.

Near the entrance to the west canyon of Nevada an immense Tree, now petrified, is said to be lying a little from its stump. The tree, which measures 833 feet in length, is without limbs and unbroken. It would seem to have been smoothly sliced or sawed off and lifted from a stump measuring 20 feet across.

G. A. HAMMOND.

1889.

NEVADA'S PETRIFIED TREE.

SECTION I.

OVER the hills, and under the ground,
World—O world in mystery bound!—
Find me the spade and fetch me the mind,
Fit to uncover and spell each find.
Names and numbers here falter and fail,
And heaped up queries outpoise the tale.

Deeps above us and under us sleep,
Unknown, unfathomed, and couched most deep.
And Mind may wrestle and toil and weep,
For *Incomprehensible* spires the heap.
And the Flag of the ages bears embossed:
A glory has been, and a glory is lost.
And the flag staff of ages stands unshaken,
Till earth shall vanish and man awaken.

Who shall name them—the things that were,
Under the sun and belted with air:
Objects insensible, life that toils,
And the life that thinks, is foiled and foils,
Struggles with questions of time and chance,
Buffets and battles with small advance.
And with all its efforts remains so blind
To the day before us and day behind,
To the present and future in act combined,
To the tokens of heaven and signs of earth,
Duped by the phantoms of sadness and mirth.

Petrified monster! Tree of stone,
Marvellous relic of ages flown;
In days on which the elements frown,
How didst thou lie so gently down?

Beautiful birds in thy branches sung,
When thou and the ages both were young.
Fowls and mammals of types extinct,
Awaked in thy shade as daybreak winked.
Exquisite creatures and wondrous forms,
Sought thy shelter in rains and storms.

Amazed I behold thee, marvellous Tree;
Thou of the glories at once set free;
Thou of colossals that ceased to be.

Vouching the miracles of the past,
Strong to attest and mighty to last.

Unknown unknown is written how plain,
Incomprehensible—rises again.
Lo feet six hundred and sixty six,
The mind o'erburdens with dreams prolix.
No chip, not a fracture left to tell
The forces that mowed it down so well.
Gently as sapling slender it fell.
Lying down softly, as one would think,
Just for a nap on creation's brink.
But the strange stark history—Is it mute,
Lost as a strain from a mellow flute?

Surely 'tis fiction bold and bare;
Is the smoke of a genii not curling there,
Or cantraip by shaman of the East,
Delusion of magic never released?
A simple suspension, a false impress,
A painting and bubble of emptiness?

Not so indeed—the verdict is clear,
Unimpeachably witnessed by year and year.
A platform immense of transmuted wood,
The stump of a giant that one day stood.

Sixty feet in diamiter true,
Incredible stump, amazing view.
Six hundred and sixty six feet in length,
Monarch assailed but immune in strength. —

While never the marvel of life is fled,
The breathing leaves turn golden and red,
Embrown and ripen and drop to the bed,
And hover the roots where the power is bred.
Again at the merry piping of Spring,
The dancing earth its tribute will bring,
Grace and luxuriance roll in floods,
Low in the vales and high in the woods.

But alas, when the axe to the pith has bled,
No leaves in profusion glow with red,
No crimson no golden glory sprays,
But the green leaves wither in sunny days.
Evermore to decay conjoined,
The subtle mould is no longer veined
With the pencilled rills that growth contained.

As thus in phantom I see thee lie,
A past revoked in southern sky,
A menace an augury with wings,
And lagging sand-prints of fleeted things:

Interrogate thee I may indeed,
Though none to answer and none to heed.
Though now not given thee to repeat
Save in mute show the things that fleet.

Wert thou amidst those glorious trees,
Created in fathomless mysteries;
The trees that at once at God's command,
Stately, luxuriant, crowned the land?
Great glorious trunks, in beauty born,
Then and at once on the third glad morn.
Perhaps—but we know not, wonderful tree,
Thou relic of marvels that used to be. ——

By arid winds of the desert fanned,
Startling and terrible is this Land,
Bristling with towers and pinacles strange,
The whispering monuments of change.
Region despoiled with awful deeps,
Where stratum piled on stratum sleeps.
Made naked—bared by viewless hands,
Tinged with rich hues in varied bands.
Seams brilliant with red, brown purple or green,
What blending of tints, soft shading between.
Colors climbing in steps from deeps profound.
Escarpments with jutting bastions crowned.

Towers and terraces proudly reared,
What cities of silence, thrilling and weird!

But whither has fled that world which embraced
Rocks chiselled & sculptured, superbly emplaced?
When was this vast thesaurus outpoured
With bellowing floods by the hand of the Lord?
When was it upraised on its bed,
And those towers and spires as a ruin spread?
When these appaling channels ploughed,
And olden lakes, with their swarming crowd
Lifted on high and drained and cast
In a marvellous story of the past?

Ah, it was when those clouds of doom,
Made the great globe a landless tomb.
Earths' rock sealed crust—lo, cleft and sliced.
The deluge climbs the mountains iced.
Inaccessible peaks, and proud,
Flashing and dread, by waters are bowed.
For God from His open casements shed
The seas that washed the world that bled,
That cooled the blazing furnace of hate.
And the fury that raved and foamed so late.
And scorn and lawlessness rampant, immense.
And slaughter that bathed in its red offence.

But the mighty waters prevail and high.
Nothing is left but the sea and the sky.
While over earth's sin and over earth's strife,
Swims the dread floatsome of recent life.

How awful how wonderful is the past,
How full of the forms which vanish yet last.
The terrible records, the hints, the dreams,
Of something that was and no longer seems,
Of something that lived, and that lives still more
In potence and act than it lived before.
Unheeded as a shadow it past.
But yet exists, and shall surely last.
Most real, and yet a phantom presumed,
It sprang, it grew, it budded, it blooned.
The air grew fragrant in its retreat,
Midst the odor of love it died—most meet:
The role of its destiny complete.

When the old world perished, vale and hill,
And land marks changed, and are lacking still:
When toils and triumphs of the past,
Deep in the boiling tides were cast:
When the surging millions of man and beast,
Invited—but none appeared at the feast.

Then ocean beds where the earthquakes slept,
Convulsed in epileptic heaps,
Throbbed and swelled in volcanic pain,
Thundering to belch its fiery rain.
Through the miles of waters that piled and press
Lapping the world to its trembling breast.

Then wert thou here, a giant tree
Mute witness of man in his agony?
Sin's finale in its earthly life,
The dream of enormity and strife.
The keeneyed penalty that waits
As a sleepless warder at the gates,
And quay where touches the anchorless bark,
To speed and be lost in the voiceless dark.

Then wert thou shaken and snapt in twain,
In the awful tremors and wrathful rain?
Dextrously severed, and softly laid
Close to the stump with roods of shade?
Ah, there is matter of mystery here,
Something involved, a little quite clear.

NEVADA'S PETRIFIED TREE.

SECTION II.

AGES made sometimes a silent mark,
Then hid it away in the lonesome, dark.
Sometimes a marvel, the prize of thought,
Struggled for life, and returned to nought.
The glory was written on a strand,
Written indeed by a master's hand,
But blood was this record, brief its stay,
In winds and waters it slips away:
Though there the footprints of beast and bird,
With questions unanswered lie subtly interred.

Proud and presumptious times are ours,
Midst secrets of nature—the sciences of powers,

We dream and we boast, that never before,
Dared Thought the arcana of nature explore.
Possibly, vaguely or incorrect,
May prove the index our hopes reflect.

Strange and amazing hints survive,
Of men who have lived and lived to strive.
Of most notoriously alive:
Proofs of a skill that scoffs at ours,
That shames a blush midst clustering powers.
A mark beyond; a stretch that curbs;
Nursing the envy that disturbs.

Restless and kingly days are ours,
Yet we catch but a whisper of monstrous powers,
The far-off rumble of might grown cold,
In legend suppressed, and by hints feebly told.
Even yet the adjuncts of science and art,
Observe and admire and in silence depart.

Produce the appliances that wrought
In mighty structures the dream of thought,
In granite chiselled their visions grand,
Left life at the sovereign touch of a hand.

Perhaps—perhaps; that word perhaps,
Bolts the grey vision of earth's illapse,
Conjectures that spurn God's holy Book,
Cut on a region of blackness look.
Abyss of phantoms, there doomed duress,
Dreams midst the visions of emptiness.

What? dare to doubt God's Book of truth!
That volume of perenial youth.
The wondrous Book of the wondrous God,
Who spoke and the heaven was stretched abroad.

Creation and Providence are terms
Under which the infidel squirms.
At what have the devotees arrived,
What the creation they have contrived?
Ridiculous genesis of mist,
One of the somethings that pre-exist
Radiant in the noddles of fools
Famous and resonant in their schools.
Scrawney chiks of pent up coops,
Such bushels of nonsense fed by dupes!

But now their theories? Let us see.
They dream they boast of things that be.

From [illegible] of vapour impressed with spirit,
Whirling and spinning in grievous wreck
In a furnace of heat and a hurricane race.
Millions of millions of ages pass.
Millions of millions circle rapidest changes,
Repelled, attracted, how weak to strongest,
Infinitely infinite, subtle and fine.
Also that the elements seem to combine:
At last the [illegible] substance of earth
Shining a [illegible] of cooler birth.
While electricities with silent grip
Cyclonic like fire-mist the worlds must nip.
Elaborated and fused and vast,
A globe electric impending the past.

Conceptions of science, how rich how shrewd!
What elements with properties endued!
Now sulphur incandescence appears,
In dream and glimmer through myriad years.
Till condensation precipitate,
Consign it again to a watery state.
Now sulphurous mosque with acrid rain,
Dominion of ages immense maintain.
Say is it a moon, faint glimmering globe,
Striving to don a pale shimmering robe;
Lo storms of solids, corrosive rains,
Chaos a stern aggression gains.

Marvels of universe—wonderful sight!
Deeds done beyond thought's power of might!
Thrones of splendor burst forth with hands,
With close-compacted strength to stand while days

Vain, O vain to study to find
Words which describe not revealed,
Revealed they seem not but understood
God's fist and His invisible hand.

Inscrutible hand of God Most High,
Blasting the quest of the daring eye,
Sublimer than doubts that boast in vain,
And the mail that abates no jot for pain.
High over the fostered myths and schemes,
And gleams of intellectual dreams,
The pride and the glory of culture, test,
Vain bubbles, they gleam they burst they are lost.

Unheralded energies arise,
Stamped in the earth and hid in the skies,
Multiform marvels, resistless powers,
Sleep in these hills and bloom in these flowers,
Entrusted and hidden in rock and steep:
Arcturus—in titanic might they leap.

Lord ruleth this life-sustaining air;
Tremble, what forces lie quiet there!
Unfathomed and deep,
Are the forces contained in sleep.
Hush with ice fallow lying quiet,
Yet, though roused to fury and riot,
Hush to its partner kind and kind,
Though more than giant that sleeps to blind.
Is it caught, encaged in its glory proud?
Lo it coils the lightning in its cloud!
Drunken and wild hoarse thunder leaps,
From rock to rock down the cloudy steeps.
There clouds are borne to water the trees,
And sprinkle the flowers caressed by the breeze.
Shedding the dreams of june
In the misting and golden hours of noon,
A zephyr that whispers low and sweet,
Cushions the gardener at our feet,
Flinging them generously away,
All about us, and every day.
As a benison passing by,
Touching the heart while blinding the eye.

But now behold a Titan appear!
With seven green withs in his coming near!
Seven green withs will cannot avail,
To bind the blast gone forth with hail.

The' beam and woof are knotted with skill,
The blast is wild in its rovings still.
Has the Titan secured it with gentle coils?
Will he form it down midst sullen wails,
Cramped and crowded till it refrain,
And shrink into liquid form again?
Perhaps as when at first the earth
Appeared enveloped at its birth?
Whelmed in waters and wrapt in shade,
Before the kingdom of air was made.

Forced to accept another mold,
It wraps itself in mysterious cold;
Freezes the glacier to flowery flocks:
Caught in its grasp a power awakes.
A power, concealed for a purpose appears,
To aid in drying the sad earth's tears.
That wails of man and groans of beast
May minute a moment's lull at least.
Yes, wails of serfs, despised, forlorn,
And labors of animals overborne,
Moving away may see the cup
With the bitter draft they shuddered to sup.
That the hounded and jaded and toil-oppress,
May dream of a day of holy rest.

Now praise, Almighty God be blessed,
The sun with which we are lighted and warmed,
Finished glorious and complete,
Rises rejoicing from each retreat.
From the heavens, the earth and the atmosphere
Its silver trumpet notes ring clear.
And the air we breathe, in a power replete,
Bid drive and toil, to steal and to heat.

Second in completeness—Behold,
Newly enamoured, a liquid enrolled.
Element fluid. Most kind God
That [illegible] liquid to you!
Our [illegible] with floats immense,
[illegible] by fluxile,
[illegible] liquid air to its cell.
[illegible], who shall tell!
[illegible] this strange tempter,
[illegible] pain ray?
[illegible] answer thy
[illegible] to reply:
[illegible] still to heat,
[illegible] make to their last retreat?

pp 13-14 Missing
12.8.19